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FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE PENOBSCOT.

WITH rapture fair river, I'd gaze on thy stream,
And mark its smooth current fast-gliding along;
With fancy enraptur'd, and love for my theme,
I'd revel unbounded, in regions of song.

When the moon on thy bosom reflected appears,
And darts thro' the forest a flickering ray :
Sweet emblem of hope,—thro' the vista of years,
Alone I would wander, alone I would stray.

The days that are perish'd, I fain would recall,
And catch the last echo that hangs on the breeze :
I'd tread on the site of yon desolate hall, *
Where beauty once loiter'd in elegant ease.

Here bloom'd fair as nature, the rose of the wood,
And blushing with fragrance, enliven'd the scene ;
Here a garden of flowers, once enchantingly stood,
But memory weeps where their odours have been.

Forgetfulness shroud's in the mansions beneath,
'The hero whose record of fame is unknown,
Whose spirit undaunted look'd smiling on death,
And flew to the realms where his fathers had gone.

While musing thus fondly on scenes that are past,
So dear to the fancy and sweet to the soul,
I'd willingly fly on the wings of the blast,
And sleep where the billows incessantly roll.

There peacefully slumber o'erwhelm'd in the wave,
No friend near the spot my short story to tell,
Deep, deep in the caverns of coral my grave,
The pearl for my pillow, the surge for my knell.

B.

* Alluding to the mansion of the celebrated chief Castine, whose haram, it is recorded, would rival that of a Turkish Sultan.